8
841. c. 6.
8

THE Jew of Venice.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

L. Shakspere (W)

LONDON,
Printed for *BER. LINTOTT* at the *Post-House* in the *Middle Temple-Gate*, *Fleetstreet*, 1701.

To morrow will be Published, Anglia Libera: or, the Limitation and Succession of the Crown of *England* Explain'd and Asserted, as grounded on, His Majesty's Speech; The Proceedings in Parliament; The Desires of the People; The Safety of our Religion; The Nature of our Constitution; The Ballance of *Europe*; and, The Rights of all Mankind. Dedicated to the Duke of *Newcastle*. By Mr. *Toland*.

The Jew of Venice.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE Foundation of the following Comedy being liable to ſome Objections, it may be wonder'd that any one ſhould make Choice of it to beſtow ſo much Labour upon: But the judicious Reader will obſerve ſo many Manly and Moral Graces in the Characters and Sentiments, that he may excuſe the Story, for the Sake of the Ornamental Parts. Undertakings of this kind are juſtify'd by the Examples of thoſe Great Men who have employ'd their Endeavours the ſame Way: The only Dramatique Attempt of Mr. *Waller* was of this Nature, in his Alterations of the *Maid's Tragedy:* To the Earl of *Rocheſter* we owe, *Valentinian:* To the Duke of *Buckingham*, *The Chance*: Sir *William Davenant* and Mr. *Dryden* united, in reſtoring the *Tempeſt*: *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, *Timon*, and King *Lear*, were the Works of three ſucceeding Laureats: Beſides many others, too many to mention. The Reader may pleaſe moreover to take Notice, (that nothing may be imputed to *Shakeſpear* which may ſeem unworthy of him) that ſuch Lines as appear to be markt, are Lines added, to make good the Connexion where there was a neceſſity to leave out; in which all imaginable

Care

Advertiſement to the Reader.

Care has been taken to imitate the ſame faſhion of Period, and turn of Stile and Thought with the Original. What other Alterations have been requiſite as to the change of Words, or ſingle Lines, the Conduct of Incidents, and Method of Action throughout the whole Piece, to bring it into the Form and Compaſs of a Play, would be ſuperfluous to examin, every Reader being able to ſatisfy himſelf, if he thinks fit, by comparing.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

The Ghosts of *Shakespear* and *Dryden* arise Crown'd with Lawrel.

Written by *Bevill Higgons*, Esq;

Dry. *THis radiant Circle, reverend* Shakespear, *view*;
An Audience only to thy Buskin due.
Shakes. *A Scene so noble, antient* Greece *ne'er saw,*
Nor Pompey's *Dome, when* Rome *the World gave Law.*
I feel at once both Wonder and Delight,
By Beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,
Well, Dryden, *might'st thou sing; well may these Hero's fight.*
Dryd. *With all the outward Lustre, which you find,*
They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Their sickly Judgments, what is just, refuse,
And French *Grimace, Buffoons, and Mimicks choose;*
Our Scenes desert, some wretched Farce to see;
They know not Nature, for they taste not Thee.
Shakes. *Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,*
Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.
When thy Ægyptian weeps, what Eyes are dry!
Or who can live to see thy Roman *dye.*
Dryd. *Thro' Perspectives revers'd they Nature view,*
Which give the Passions Images, not true.
Strephon *for* Strephon *sighs; and* Sapho *dies,*
Shot to the Soul by brighter Sapho's *Eyes:*
No Wonder then their wand'ring Passions roam,
And feel not Nature, whom th' have overcome.
For shame let genial Love prevail agen,
You Beaux Love Ladies, and you Ladies Men.
Shakes. *These Crimes unknown, in our less polisht Age,*
Now seem above Correction of the Stage;
Less Heinous Faults, our Justice does pursue,
To day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew.
A piece of Justice, terrible and strange;
Which, if pursu'd, would make a thin Exchange,

he

The Law's Defect, the Juſter Muſe ſupplies,
Tis only we, can make you Good or Wiſe,
Whom Heav'n ſpares, the Poet will Chaſtiſe.
Theſe Scenes in their rough Native Dreſs were mine;
But now improv'd with nobler Luſtre ſhine;
The firſt rude Sketches Shakeſpear's *Pencil drew,*
But all the ſhining Maſter-ſtroaks are new.
This Play, ye Criticks, ſhall your Fury ſtand,
Adorn'd and reſcu'd by a faultleſs Hand.
Dryd. *I long endeavour'd to ſupport thy Stage,*
With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,
But toyl'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.
They ſtarv'd me living; nay, deny'd me Fame,
And ſcaree now dead, do Juſtice to my Name.
Wou'd you repent? Be to my Aſhes kind,
Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Baſſanio. } *Antonio.* }	Gentlemen of *Venice*, and Friends.	Mr. *Betterton.* Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Gratiano.	Their Companion.	Mr. *Booth.*
Lorenzo.	In Love with *Jeſſica.*	Mr. *Baily.*
Shylock.	The Jew.	Mr. *Dogget.*
Duke of *Venice.*		Mr. *Harris.*

WOMEN.

Portia.	A Rich Heireſs.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Neriſſa.	Her Friend.	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Jeſſica.	Daughter to the Jew.	Mrs. *Porter.*

Officers belonging to the Court of Juſtice, Servants and Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE *Venice.*

The Jew of Venice.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Baſſanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and* Lorenzo.

Anto. I Hold the World, but as a Stage, *Gratiano*,
'Where every Man muſt play ſome certain Part,
And mine's a ſerious one.
Grat. Laughter and Mirth be mine,
Why ſhould a Man, whoſe Blood is warm and young,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter!
Sleep, when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,
By being peeviſh! I tell thee what, *Antonio*!
I love thee, and it is my Love that ſpeaks;
There are a ſort of Men, whoſe Viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding Pond;
And do a willful Stillneſs entertain,
'Screwing their Faces in a politick Form,
'To cheat Obſervers with a falſe Opinion
Of Wiſdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am, Sir, an Oracle.
Oh my *Antonio*! I do know of theſe,
Who therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; But more of this
Another time. 'Let you and I, *Lorenzo*,
'Take a ſhort turn: Once more, my Friends, be merry.
'All have their Follies; merry Fools are beſt.
'*Lorenzo* come, Sir Gravities, Farewell,
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner. [*Exeunt* Grat. *and* Lorenz.
Baſſa. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing;
More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reaſons
Are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Buſhels of Chaff;
You may ſeek all day e're you find 'em, and when
You have 'em, they are not worth the Search.

Anto. Well,

Anto. Well, tell me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.
Baſſa. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have diſabled my Eſtate
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling Port,
Than my faint Means would grant continuance;
Nor would I now make ſuit to be abridg'd,
From ſuch a noble Rate; but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts
Wherein my Time, ſomething too prodigal,
Has left me bound. To you, *Antonio*,
I owe the moſt in Mony and in Love.
Anto. 'My Friend can owe me nothing; we are one,
'The Treaſures I poſſeſs, are but in Truſt,
'For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,
And if it ſtand, as you your ſelf ſtill do,
Within the Eye of Honor, be aſſur'd,
My Purſe, my Perſon, my extreameſt Means,
'Are all my Friend's.
Baſſa. In my School-days, when I had loſt one Shaft,
I ſhot his Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Flight,
The ſelf-ſame way, with more advis'd Regard,
And by advent'ring both, I oft found both.
I owe you much, and like a Prodigal;
That, which I owe, is loſt; but, if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another Arrow, that ſelf-way,
Which you did ſhoot the firſt; I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt Debtor for the firſt.
Anto. You know me well, and herein ſpend but Time,
To wind about my Love with Circumſtance.
'Believe me, my *Baſſanio*, 'tis more wrong
'Thus to delay the Service of your Friend,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have;
'Is this to be a Friend? With bluſhing Cheek,
'With down-caſt Eyes, and with a faltring Tongue,
'We ſue to thoſe we doubt: Friendſhip is plain,
'Artleſs, familiar, confident and free.
'Ask then as you wou'd grant, were yours the Power,
'Were yours the Power, ſo would I ask of you;
'No longer heſitate. Give me to know
'What you wou'd have me do, and think it done.

Baſſ. The

Bass. 'Then briefly thus: In *Belmont* is a Lady
Immenſly rich, and yet more fair than rich.
'And vertuous as ſhe's fair; ſometimes from her Eyes
I have receiv'd kind ſpeechleſs Meſſages.
Her Name is *Portia*: you have heard her Fame,
From the Four Corners of the World; the Winds
Blow in, from every Coaſt, adoring Crowds;
The watry Kingdom, whoſe ambitious Head
Spets in the Face of Heaven, is no Bar
'To æmulous Love, as o're a Brook they come
'To Anchor at her Heart: Her Sunny Locks
Hang on her Temples, like a golden Fleece,
For which theſe many *Jaſon*'s ſayl in Queſt.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the Means
To hold a Rival-Place with one of 'em.

Anto. 'The Means be thine, if I can find the Means;
My preſent Fortunes are, thou know'ſt, at Sea.
No Money, nor Commodity is left me
'To raiſe immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do.
It ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt
'To furniſh thy Deſires: 'Nay, no ſet Speech
'Of formal Thanks, which I muſt bluſh to hear.
Go, preſently enquire. And ſo will I,
Where Money is: 'In Friendſhip, who receives,
'Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives.

[Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to *Belmont*.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Port. In ſhort, *Neriſſa*, my little Body is weary of this Great World.

Neriſſ. It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your Plenty. For ought I ſee, they are as ſick, who ſurfeit With too much, as thoſe who ſtarve with too little; 'From whence I conclude, That Happineſs is ſeated in 'The Mean: Superfluity brings Care, Care both 'Robs us of our Time, and ſhortens our Days; 'But Competency is the eaſieſt and the longeſt Liver.

Port. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Neriſſ. They wou'd be better, if well follow'd.

Port. It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching; I could eaſier inſtruct Twenty, what were good to do,

Than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Inſtruction.
The Brain may deviſe Laws for the Blood; 'but the hot
'Part will be ſure to get the better of the cold; but what
Is all this to my chooſing a Husband: Ah me! The Word
Chooſe: I am neither to chooſe whom I like, nor
Refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the Pleaſure of a
Living Daughter reſtrain'd by the Will of a dead
Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to ſuch hard Laws,
'*Neriſſa*? Neither to chooſe, nor refuſe?

Neriſſ. Your Father was ever virtuous, and holy Men at
Their Deaths have often good Inſpirations; wherefore
In this Lottery, which he dying deviſ'd, in theſe Three
Caskets of Gold, Silver and Lead, whereof who
Chooſes his Meaning chooſes you: I have Superſtition
'Enough to believe the Benefit Lot is deſtin'd for
'The beſt Deſerver.
'Love is at beſt, but a Lottery to all,
'Your Caſe looks different, but is in Effect the ſame
'With the reſt of the World: For it is Fortune that
'Always decides.———
And now pray diſcover to whom of this Retinue of Suitors
Stand your Affections moſt inclin'd,
'Never was Woman ſo ſurrounded as you are.

Port. '*Penelope* was but a poor Princeſs to *Portia*,
But come, out with your Liſt; Read me the Names,
And according as I deſcribe, gueſs at my Inclinations.

Ner. 'What a long Liſt is here! Alas for poor Men, that
'Among ſo many, but one can be happy!

Port. 'Alas! for poor Woman! that when ſhe might have ſo
'Many, ſhe muſt have but one; but come, a Truce
'To moral Reflections: Read, read.

Ner. Imprimis, here in the front, ſtands Monſieur *le Comte*,
Your French Lover.

Port. 'Of himſelf, thou mean'ſt: He has more Tricks than
'A Baboon: If my Bird ſings, he ſtrait falls a capering;
He will fence with his own Shadow; 'nor is his Tongue
'Leſs nimble than his Heels; I would as ſoon marry
'My Squirrel, or my Monkey.

Ner. What think you then of your Engliſhman, he comes next.

Port. 'The Frenchman's Ape: No, give me an Original,
Whatever it be. The Ape of an Ape muſt needs be a ſtrange Monſter.

Neriſſ. '*Myn Heer van Gutts*, the Dutchman, how like you him?

Port. Very vilely in the Morning, when he is ſober: And
More vilely in the Afternoon, when he is druuk;
At beſt, he is worſe than a Man; and at worſt, no better

Than

Than a Beaſt: I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, e're I'll
Be marry'd to a Sponge.

Neriſſ. For any thing I find, this Lottery is not like to be
Fair drawn: For if he ſhould chooſe the right Casket,
You'll refuſe to perform your Father's Will.

Port. Therefore, I prithee, Set a Bumper of Rheniſh
On the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within,
And the Temptation without, I know he will
Chooſe it.
'*La Seignora Gutts*! oh hideous! what
'A Sound would there be in the Mouth of an
'Italian?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some of the Strangers, Madam, deſire to take
Their Leaves: And there are others juſt arriv'd, and
Alighting at the Gate.

Port. Would ſome one, would come, to whom I could bid
Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all theſe, Farewell:
'There is a Man, *Neriſſa*, ſuch a Man; But what we wiſh,
'Either never arrives, or is always longeſt in coming:
Fellow, go before: *Neriſſa*, come: Whilſt we ſhut
Out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

Neriſſ. 'This Lottery will certainly be drawn full. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE returns to *Venice.*

Enter Baſſanio, *and* Shylock *the Jew.*

Shyl. Three Thouſand Ducats. Well.

Baſſ. Ay Sir, for Three Months.

Shyl. For Three Months. Well.

Baſſ. And as I told you, *Antonio* will be bound.

Shyl. *Antonio* bound. Well.

Baſſ. Will you oblige me, ſhall I know your Anſwer?

Shyl. Three Thouſand Ducats for Three Months, and
Antonio bound!

Baſſ. Your Anſwer to that?

Shyl. *Antonio* is a good Man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary.

Shyl. No, no, no; my Meaning in ſaying he is a good
Man, is to have you underſtand that I think him

A ſufficient Man. 'When a Man is rich, we ſay
'He is a good Man,
'As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we ſay a
'Poor Raſcal: 'tis the Phraſe, 'tis the Phraſe. Let me
'Conſider, one *Argoſy* from *Tripoli*, another to the *Indies*,
A Third at *Mexico*; I underſtand moreover a fourth
For *England*. And other Ventures he has, ſcatter'd
Abroad; but Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are
But Planks, Sailers but Men: There are Land-Rats
And Water-Rats, Water-Theives and Land-Thieves:
And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.
The Man notwithſtanding is a ſufficient Man. Three Thouſand
Duccats —— humph —— I think I may venture to take his
Bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shyl. I will be aſſur'd; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink
Me, where I may ſpeak with *Antonio*.

Baſſ. If you will pleaſe to dine with us.

Shyl. Yes, to ſmell Pork, to eat of the Habitation, which
Your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy
With you, Sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,
And ſo forth,——but I will neither eat with you, drink
With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

Enter Antonio.

Baſſa. Here is Seignior *Antonio*.

Shyl. Aſide.] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian.
But more, for that in low Simplicity
He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down
The Rate of Uſance, here with us in *Venice*.
If I could catch him once upon the Hip,
I would feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.
He hates our Sacred Nation; and he rails
Even there, where Merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift,
Which he calls Intereſt: Curſt be my Tribe,
If I forgive him. ——

Baſſa. Shyloc, do you hear?

Shyl. I was debating of my private Stock:
And if my Computation's right,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the Groſs
Of full Three Thouſand Duccats, what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of our Tribe

Shall

Shall furniſh me; but ſoft! How many Months
Is't you deſire?
Reſt you fair, good Seignior,
You were the laſt Man in our Mouths.
Ant. Shyloc, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking or by giving of Exceſs,
Yet to ſupply my Friend, I'll break a Cuſtom:
Is he yet reſolv'd, how much will ſerve?
Shyl. Ay, ay, Three Thouſand Ducats,
Anto. And for Three Months.
Shyl. I had forgot, Three Months he told me ſo,
Well then, your Bond. But ſoft a little, methoughts
You ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.
Anto. I do never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban*'s Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wiſe Mother wrought on his behalf,
The third Poſſeſſor, ay,——he was the third.
Anto. And what of him? Did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not as you wou'd ſay, directly intereſt——
'You know the Story. 'Twas a way to thrive.
'And he was bleſt: For Gain is Bleſſing,
So Men ſteal it not.
Anto. Was this inſerted to make Intereſt good?
Shyl. Note, my good Seignior!——
Anto. Mark you this, *Baſſanio*?
The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn,
An evil Soul producing holy Witneſs
Is like a Villain, with a ſmiling Cheek.
Oh, what a goodly Outſide Falſhood wears?
Shyl. Seignior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
On the *Ryalto* have you rated me,
About my Monies and my Uſances;
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh Gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my Help:
Go to then,--- you come to me, and you ſay
Shylock, we would have Monies;
You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger Cur
Over your Threſhold: Mony is your Suit,
What ſhou'd I anſwer? ſhould I not ſay,
Has a Dog Money? Can a Cur

Lend Three Thouſand Ducats? or ſhall I bend down low,
And in a Bondman's Key, with ſoftned Voice,
And whiſpering Humbleneſs,—— Say thus!
Fair Sir, on Wedneſday laſt, you ſpet on me
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day, another time;
You call'd me Dog, and for theſe Courteſies
I'll lend you ſo much Monies.

Anto. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpet on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not
As to thy Friend; for when did Friendſhip take
A Breed of ſordid Mettal of his Friend!
But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
Who, if he fails, thou may'ſt with better Face
Exact the Penalty.

Shyl. Why, look you, how you ſtorm,
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love!
Forget the Shames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent Wants, and take no Doit
Of Uſance for my Monies—— And you'll
Not hear me,—— 'were this Offer kind?

Baſſa. This were Kindneſs.

Shyl. This Kindneſs will I ſhew, nay more, I'll take
Antonio's ſingle Bond: And that we may henceforth
'Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact
'But this, meerly for Mirth——
If you repay me not on ſuch a day, in ſuch a Place,
Such Sum or Sums as are expreſt—— Be this
The Forfeiture.
'Let me ſee, What think you of your Noſe,
'Or of an Eye—— or of —— a Pound of Fleſh
To be cut off, and taken from what Part
Of your Body—— I ſhall think fit to name.
'Thou art too portly, Chriſtian!
'Too much pamper'd—— What ſay you then
'To ſuch a merry Bond?

Anto. The Jew grows witty; I'll ſeal to ſuch a Bond,
And ſay there is much Kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a Bond——
'There is ſome Trick, ſome farther Fetch in this;
You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a Bond for me.

Anto. Fear not, my Friend, within two Months, that is
A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns
Of thrice three times the Value of this Bond,

Shyl. Oh

Shyl. O Father *Abraham*, what theſe Chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard Dealings teach 'em to ſuſpect ——
The Truth of others. Pray tell me, ſhou'd he fail
His Day, —— what ſhould I get by the Exaction
Of the Penalty? A Pound of Man's Fleſh?
Nor to be ſold nor eaten. ——
To buy his Favour, I propos'd theſe Terms,
Such as I thought could bear no wrong
Conſtruction; but ſince you're ſo ſuſpicious,
Fare you well. — [*Going.*

Anto. Stay, *Shylock*, I will ſeal as you propoſe.

Shyl. Then meet me at the Notary's, [*Returning.*
Give him Directions to prepare the Bond,
In the mean time, I'll fetch the Duccats;
See to my Houſe, leaſt ſome unthrifty Knave
Be on the Guard! Chriſtian, thy Hand,
I'll preſently be with you. [*Exit Jew.*

Ant. Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian, he grows kind.

Baſſ. I like not yet the Terms,
A Villain, when he moſt ſeems kind,
Is moſt to be ſuſpected.

Anto. There is not the leaſt Danger, nor can be,
Or if there were, what is a Pound of Fleſh,
What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,
To purchaſe my Friend's Quiet! Heav'n ſtill is good
To thoſe who ſeek the Good of others; Come *Baſſanio*,
Be chearful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow:
Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,
The nobleſt is, the God-like Power to give. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Shylock *and* Jeſſica.

Shyl. I Am bid forth to Supper, *Jeſſica*,
There are my Keys; but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for Love: They flatter me,
But then I'll go in Hate; To feed upon
The Prodigal Chriſtian.
I am right loath to go, there is ſome ill
A-brewing towards me; I dreamt laſt Night
Of Money-bags. *Jeſſica*! my Girl, look to my Houſe,

They ſay, there will be Maſques: Hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my Doors—— And when you hear the Drum,
Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,
Clamber not you up to the Caſement then,
Nor thruſt your Head into the publick Streets,
To gaze on Chriſtian Fools, with varniſh'd Faces;
But ſtop the Windows cloſe; nor look, nor liſten,
Let not the Sound of ſhallow Foppery enter
My ſober Houſe. By *Jacob*'s Staff I ſwear,
I have no Mind of feaſting forth to night:
Well, *Jeſſica*,—— go in,—— perhaps I will return
Immediatly. Do as I bid you, ſhut doors after
You. Faſt bind, faſt find. [*Exit Shylock.*

Jeſſ. Alas! what Sin is it in me
To be aſham'd to be my Father's Child?
'But how can he be ſaid to have given me Life,
'Who never ſuffer'd me to know,
'What 'tis to live. O *Lorenzo*!
'Keep but thy Word to night, and thou ſhalt be
'A Father, and a Husband, both to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Loren. Here ſhe directs
How I ſhall take her from her Father's Houſe,
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
And how ſhe'll be diſguis'd; oh 'tis the kindeſt
Creature: if e're the Jew her Father comes to Heav'n,
It muſt be for his gentle Daughter's Sake.
Oh never may Misfortune croſs her Foot,
For that ſhe is the Iſſue of a Jew.

'*Grat.* Young, handſom, willing, with Gold and Jewels to Boot!
'Plague on't, when ſhall I have ſuch Luck?

Enter Jeſſica, *in the Balcony.*

Jeſſ. Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty,
Albeit I ſwear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repetition of your Name.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

Jeſſ. *Lorenzo* certain, and my Love indeed;
For who love I ſo much? but ah, who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witneſs that thou art.

Jeſſ. Her

Jeſſ. Here, catch this Caſket, it is worth the Pains,
I'm glad 'tis Night, you look, but cannot ſee me,
For I am much aſham'd of what I am,
'But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
'The Follies that themſelves commit.
Lor. Come down, my Love!
Jeſſ. I will make faſt the Doors, and guild my ſelf
With ſome few Ducats more, and then be with you. [*Exit.*
Grat. Now, by my Soul, a Gentile, and no Jew,
'She robs her Father with a Chriſtian's Grace.
Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her from my Soul!
For ſhe is fair, or elſe my Eyes are falſe;
And true ſhe is. What Proofs cou'd ſhe give more?
'And oh ſhe's kind; ſhe loves me, and I love.
'A greater Bliſs, ſcarce Heav'n it ſelf can boaſt,
'Than mutual Love.

Enter Jeſſica, *ſhutting the Door after her.*

'*Jeſſ.* Shut Doors after you; faſt bind, faſt find,
'Theſe were his laſt Words: Thus I avoid the
'Curſe of Diſobedience: Be thou ſhut till I
'Open thee.
'*Lor.* So whilſt old *Laban* ſnor'd in Bed,
'*Jacob* with ſprightly *Rachel* fled.
'*Jeſſ.* His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,
'And eke the Flower of every Flock. [*Holds up a Bag.*
'*Lor.* But not one precious thing was there
'That could with *Jeſſica* compare.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Fy, fy, my Friends, why do you loyter thus!
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*, for Shame make haſte:
Baſſanio frets, that you are wanting,
He has ſent twenty times to look you out.
Grat. 'Matters of State, *Antonio*, Matters of State,
'A Rape and a Robbery: Matters of State,
'Matters of State, *Antonio*.
Ant. Away, away, for Shame. [*Exit.*
Lor. Farewell *Gratiano*: Excuſe me to *Baſſanio*.
Come *Jeſſica*, this muſt be your way and mine. [*Exeunt.*
Grat. 'Jew, Turk and Chriſtian differ but in Creed;
'In ways of Wickedneſs, they're all agreed:

'None upward clears the Road. They part and cavil,
'But all jog on—— unerring, to the Devil. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens, and discovers* Bassanio, Antonio, Shylock, *and others sitting, as at an Entertainment. Musick playing: During the Musick,* Gratiano *enters, and takes his Place.*

Anto. 'This to immortal Friendship; fill it up——
'Be thou to me, and I to my *Bassanio*,
'Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,
'For ever link'd in Love.
Bass. 'Thou joyn'st us well: And rightly hast compar'd;
'Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendship stands
'Constant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren Spot;
'Whilst like the liberal *Adriatick*, thou
'With Plenty bath'st my Shoars——
'My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.
Anto. 'My Friend's the noblest Bounty of my Fortune.
'Sound every Instrument of Musick there,
'To our immortal Friendship. [*All drink, Loud Musick.*
Bass. 'Let Love be next, what else should
'Follow Friendship?
'To Love, and to Love's Queen; my charming *Portia*,
'Fill; till the rosy Brim reflects her Lips,
'Then kiss the Symbol round:
'Oh, in this Lottery of Love, where Chance
'Not Choice presides: Give, give, ye Powers, the Lot,
'Where she her self would place it: Crown her wish,
'Tho' Ruine and Perdition catch *Bassanio*;
'Let me be wretched, but let her be blest. [*Drink and Musick again*
Grat. 'Mine's a short Health: Here's to the Sex in general;
'To Woman; be she black, or brown, or fair;
'Plump, slender, tall, or middle-statur'd——
'Let it be Woman; and 'tis all I ask. [*Drink again, Musick as before.*
Shyl. 'I have a Mistress, that out-shines 'em all——
'Commanding yours—— and yours tho' the whole Sex:
'O may her Charms encrease and multiply;
'My Money is my Mistress! Here's to
'Interest upon Interest. [*Drinks.*
Anto. 'Let Birds and Beasts of Prey howl to such Vows,
'All generous Notes be hush'd: Pledge thy self, Jew;
'None here will stir the Glass—— [*All Rise.*
'Nor shall the Musick sound: O *Bassanio*!
'There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart

'Which

'Which Wine cannot remove: I know not
But Muſick ever makes me thus.
Baſſ. The Reaſon is, your Spirits are attentive:
For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd
Or Race of skittiſh and unhandled Colts
Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
If they but hear by Chance ſome Trumpet ſound,
Or any Aire of Muſick touch their Ears,
You ſtrait perceive 'em make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,
By the ſoft Power of Muſick: Therefore the Poet
Did feign, That *Orpheus* melted Stones and Rocks;
For what ſo hard, ſo ſtubborn, or ſo fierce,
But Muſick for the Time will change its Nature.
The Man, who has not Muſick in his Soul,
Or is not touch'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems and Spoils,
The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*,
Let no ſuch Man be truſted. —— Mark the Muſick.

Peleus

Peleus & Thetis.

A MASQUE.

The ARGUMENT.

Peleus *in Love with* Thetis, *by the Assistance of* Proteus *obtains her Favor: But* Jupiter, *also in Love with her, interposing,* Peleus *in Despair consults* Promotheus, *famous for his Skill in Astrology, upon whose Propheſie, that the Son born of* Thetis *should prove greater than his Father,* Jupiter *desists. The Propheſie was afterwards verefy'd in the Birth of* Achilles, *the Son of* Thetis *by* Peleus.

Persons in the Masque.

JUPITER. } { PROMOTHEUS.
PELEUS. } { THETIS.

Promotheus is seen upon Mount *Caucasus* chain'd to a Rock with the Vulture at his Breast. A Flourish of all the Instruments. Then plaintive Musick.

Peleus Enters to *Promotheus.*

Pel. *COndemn'd on* Caucasus *to lie,*
Still to be dying not to dye,
With certain Pain, uncertain of releif,
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given

To

To view the Planetary Way,
To penetrate eternal Day,
And to revolve the ſtarry Heaven;
To thee, Prometheus, *I complain,*
And bring a Heart, as full of Pain.
Pro. *From* Jupiter *ſpring all our Woes,*
Thetis is Jove's, *who once was thine,*
'Tis vain, O Peleus! *to oppoſe*
Thy Torturer and mine.
Contented with Deſpair
You muſt, you muſt reſign,
Or wretched Man prepare
For change of Torments, great as mine.
Pel. *In change of Torment would be eaſe,*
Could you divine what Lovers bear,
Even you Prometheus, *would confeſs*
There is no Vulture, like Deſpair.
Pro. *Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour.*
Pel. *Ceaſe, cruel* Thetis, *to diſdain.*
If for the Pleaſures of an Hour
We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
Love give me back, my Heart again.

Both together.

Pro. } *Ceaſe cruel Vulture to devour;*
Pel. } *Ceaſe cruel* Thetis *to diſdain.*

Enter Thetis.

The. Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
Pel. *Give give me back my Heart again.*
The. Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
The Gods, alas! no Refuge find
From Ills reſiſtleſs Fates ordain:
I ſtill am True—— And would be kind.
Pel. *Deſpair tormented firſt my Heart,*
Now Falſhood a more cruel Smart!
O for the Peace of Human-kind,
Make Women longer true, or ſooner kind!

With Juſtice, or with Mercy reign:
Or give me, give me back my Heart again.

Both together.

The. } Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
Pel. } *Give, give me back my Heart again.*

The. *Accurſed Jealouſie!*
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,
Thro' which all Objects falſe we ſee;
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Pro. *Love is by Fancy led about.*
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt:
Whom we now a Goddeſs call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate, are fancy all.
'Tis but as fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dyes:
Viſions of mighty Pains, or Pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, Imagin'd Treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lyes.

CHORUS.

Cho. Accurſed Jealouſy,
Thou Jaundice in the Lovers Eye,
Thro' which all Objects falſe we ſee;
Accurſed Jealouſy.
The. *Thy Rival,* Peleus, *rules the Sky,*
Yet I ſo prize thy Love,
With Peleus *I would chuſe to die,*
Rather than live with Jove.
[*Jupiter* appears deſcending.
But ſee! the mighty Thund'rer's here,
Tremble Peleus, *tremble, fly.*
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble Peleus, *tremble, fly.*

[A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments while *Jupiter* is descending. Thunder the while.

CHORUS.

Cho. But see! the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

[*Jupiter* being descended.

Jup. *Presumptuous Slave, Rival to* Jove,
How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy
A Goddess with audacious Love,
And irritate a God with Jealousy?
Presumptuous Mortal hence,
Tremble at Omnipotence.

Pel. *Arm'd with Love, and* Thetis *by,*
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But Jove *himself defy.*
Jove *lay thy Thunder down,*
Arm'd with Love, and Thetis *by,*
There is more Terrour in her Frown,
And fiercer Lightning in her Eye.
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods,
But Jove *himself defy.*

Jup. *Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;*
Hast ye Cyclops *with your forked Rods,*
This Rebel Love, braves all the Gods,
And every Hour by Love is made
Some Heaven-defying Encelade.
Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

The. Jove *may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.*

[*Pel.* and *The.* holding by each other.

All three repeat.

Jup. Pel. and The. } *Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.*
Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

The. *Thy Love, ſtill arm'd with Fate,*
Is dreadful, as thy Hate.
O might it prove to me
(So gentle Peleus *were but free)*
O might it prove to me
As fatal, as to loſt, conſuming Semele!
Pro. *Son of* Saturn, *take advice*
From one, whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſht leiſure to grow wiſe.
Thou rul'ſt the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

The PROPHESY.

" *Whoe'er th' immortal Maid compreſſing*
" *Shall taſt the Joy, and reap the Bleſſing,*
" *Thus th' unerring Stars adviſe,*
" *From that auſpitious Night an Heir ſhall riſe,*
" *Paternal Glories to outſhine,*
" *And be the foremoſt of his Line.*

CHORUS *Repeat.*

Cho. Son of *Saturn*, take Advice;
From that auſpicious Night an Heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal Glories to outſhine,
And be the foremoſt of his Line.
[Jupiter *during the* Chorus *ſeems to ſtand conſidering.*
Jup. *Shall then the Son of* Saturn *be undone*
As Saturn *was, by an Aſpiring Son?*
Juſtly th' impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that Son to be the Syre
Of ſuch another Son.
Conſcious of Ills that I have done,
My Fears to Prudence ſhall adviſe,
And Guilt that made me great ſhall make me wiſe.
[Turning to *Peleus.*
The Fatal Bleſſing I reſign,
Peleus *take the Maid Divine;*
Jove *conſenting, ſhe is thine.*
Peleus receiving *Thetis.*

Pel.

Pel. *Heav'n had been loſt, had I been* Jove,
There is no Heav'n, like mutual Love.
[*Jupiter* turning to *Promotheus.*
Jup. *And thou the Stars Interpreter,*
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me Liberty;
Ariſe, ariſe, and be thy ſelf a Star.
The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of *Promotheus*, his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven with *Jupiter*, to a loud Flouriſh of all the Inſtruments.

Peleus and *Thetis* together.

Pel. &} *Be true all ye Lovers, what'e're ye endure,*
The. } *Tho' cruel the Pain is, how ſweet is the Cure!*
So Divine is the Bleſſing
In the Hour of poſſeſſing,
That one Moment's obtaining
Pays an Age of Complaining:
Be true, all ye Lovers, what'ere you endure,
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how ſweet is the Cure!

Anto. " With ſuch an Air of true Magnificence,
'My noble minded Brother treats his Friends:
'As hardly has been known to *Italy*
'Since *Pompey* and *Lucullus* entertain'd:
'To frame thy Fortunes ample as thy Mind,
'New Worlds ſhou'd be created.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Maſter of the Ship ſends word the Wind is
Come about: and he deſires you wou'd haſt Aboard.
Baſſ. *turning to* Ant.] 'Oh my lov'd Friend! till now I never knew
'The pangs of parting Freindſhip.
'At diſtance I have taſted of the Pain,
'When the rude Morn has ſunder'd us away,
'To our Repoſe: But, by my Soul, I ſwear
'Even then my Eyes would drop a ſilent Tear,
'Repugnant ſtill to cloſe, and ſhut out Thee;

Ant. 'You

Ant. 'You go for your Advantage, and that Thought
'Shall keep *Antonio* comforted.
Baſſ. 'The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* ſhort,
'And Letters may come dayly: Such Intercourſe
'Is all the Cordial abſent Friends enjoy.
'Fail not in that. Your Trouble ſhall be ſhort,
'I will return with the beſt ſpeed I can.
Ant. 'Be not too hafty, my *Baſſanio* neither;
Slubber not Buſineſs for my Sake, my Friend,
'But ſtay the very ripening of thy Love.
'Be gay, aſſiduous, and imploy ſuch Arts,
'As beſt incline the Fair: Love is not ſeiz'd, but won;
'Hard is the Labour; you muſt plant and prune,
'And watch occaſion juſt: This fruit is nice,
''Twill promiſe Wonders, and grow fairly up;
'Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then
'A ſudden Blaſt ſpoils all.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. 'The Maſter of the Ship has ſent agen
'*Baſſ.* One more Embrace: To thoſe who know not Friendſhip
'This may appear unmanly Tenderneſs;
'But 'tis the frailty of the braveſt Minds.
Ant. 'I ask but this, *Baſſanio*;
'Give not your Heart ſo far away,
'As to forget your Friend.
'Come, is all ready? I muſt haſten you.
Grat. 'If you were ready to part,
''Tis all we ſtay for now.
Baſſ. Shylock, thy Hand: be gentle to my Friend,
'Fear not thy Bond it ſhall be juſtly paid,
'We ſoon ſhall meet agen,
'Always, I hope, good Friends.
'Oh my *Antonio!* 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,
'To loſe the Sight of what we Love.
Shyl. aſide.] 'Theſe two Chriſtian Fools put me in mind
'Of my Money: juſt ſo loath am I to part with that.
Baſſ. '*Gratiano*, lead the way: *Shylock* once more farewell.
'We muſt not part, but at the Ship, *Antonio*:
'Lovers and Friends, ſhould they for Ages ſtay,
'Would ſtill find ſomething left, that they would ſay. [*Exeu*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Portia, Baſſanio, Neriſſa, Gratiano, *and their Train.* Neriſſa, Gratiano *diſcourſe apart.*

Baſſ. WHY if two Gods ſhould play ſome Heav'nly match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,
And *Portia*, one there muſt be ſomething more
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Has not her Equal: But alas, the while
Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Who were the better Man? The greater throw
Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So were a Gyant worſted by a Dwarf;
And ſo may I, having no Guide but Chance,
Miſs that, which one unworthier may obtain,
And dye with the Deſpair.

Port. Therefore forbear to chuſe, pauſe for a while,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
You loſe for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;
For ſomthing tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not loſe you: I could teach you
How to chuſe right: But then I am forſworn,
So will I never be
'Yet ſhould you miſs me,
'I ſhould repent that I was not forſworn;
'For oh, what heavier Curſe for perjury
'Could Heav'n provide, than loſing all my Hope?
I ſpeak too much; tho' Thought will have no bound,
A Virgin's Tongue ſhould ſhame to hint a Thought,
At which a Virgin's Cheek ſhould bluſh
Think it not Love, yet think it what you pleaſe,
So you defer a Month or Two,
'For fain I would detain you as a Friend,
'Whom as a Lover I might loſe,
'Should you perſiſt to venture the raſh throw
'Tis better ſtill to doubt, and ſtill to hope,
'Than knowing of our Fates, to know
'That we have loſt for ever.

Baſſa. 'Doubt is the worſt State: 'Tis better once
'To die, than ſtill to live in Pain.

'Deſire

'Desire is fierce, nor brookes the least delay.
'Fortune and Love befriend me: I'm resolv'd;
My Life, and all my earthly Happiness
Sits on the chance: Where may I find the Casket!
Port. 'Yet, let me perswade you: If for your self
'You cannot fear, tremble for her——
'For her, to whom you have so often sworn,
'More than your self, you love her: Think! oh Think!
'On *Portia's* Fate: Who may not only lose
'The Man, by whom she wishes to be won,
'But being lost to him, remain expos'd
'To some new Choice; another must possess
'What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law!
'Lost to each other were a cruel Doom,
'But 'tis our least Misfortune; I may live
'To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you
'May live to see it.
Baff. 'To love, and to be lov'd, yet not possess,
'No greater Curse could be, but what thou fear'st,
'Yet I will on: With double Flames I burn,
'Knowing that *Portia* loves me, all my fear
'Was for her Love: Secure of that I go
'Secure of the Reward: Lead me to the Caskets.
Port. Away then, and find out where *Portia's* lockt:
'Thy Courage is an Omen of Success,
'If Love be just, he'll teach thee where to chuse.
Nerissa, show him, since he is resolv'd,
The rest stand all aloft, whilst Musick Plays
That if he lose, like Swans we may expire
In softest Harmony: but if he win
Ah what is Musick then? Then Musick is
Even as the flourish, when true Subjects bow
To a new crown'd Monarch! Such it is,
As are those Dulcet Sounds at break of Day
That steal into the dreaming Bridegrooms Ear
And summon him to joy: See where he goes
With no less Presence, but with much more Love
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin Tribute paid by weeping *Troy*,
To the Sea Monster! I like the Victim stand,
The rest aloof, like the *Dardanian Wives*,
With blotted Visages come forth to view
The Issue of the Exploit. Go *Hercules*
'Love that inflames thy Heart inspire thy Eyes,

'To

'To chuſe aright, where *Portia* is the Prize.

[Portia *and the reſt ſtand at a Diſtance obſerving ſoft Muſick. Till re-enter* Baſſanio *in each Hand a Caſket.*

Baſſ. Who chuſes me, ſhall get what he deſerves,
The like inſcription bears this Silver Caſket.
Shall get what he deſerves; who chuſe by outward ſhow,
Entic'd by guilded Baits and flattering Forms,
Who look not to th' interiour: But like the Martlet,
Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,
Even in the force and Road of Caſualty,
What may their Merit be? agen let me conſider.

[*Walks about thinking.*

Grat. Take the Gold Man, or the Silver: plague on't,
Would I were to chuſe for him.

Baſſ. Shall get what he deſerves: Let none preſume
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.
Oh that Eſtates, Degrees and Offices,
Were not deriv'd Corruptly; and that clear Honour
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer,
How many then would cover who ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, who command!
How much low Peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true Seed of Honour! And how much Honour
Pickt from the Chaff and ruine of the Times,
To be new varniſht: Let me not be raſh,
There yet remains a Third: well will I weigh
Ere I reſolve. [*Exit.*

Gra. 'Take the Gold, I ſay; pox on Lead; what is it good
'For, but to make Bullets, 'tis the Image of
'Death and Deſtruction.

Re-enter Baſſanio *with a Caſket of Lead.*

Baſſ. The World is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament:
In Law, what Plea ſo tainted or corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious Voice,
And cover'd with fair ſpecious Subtleties
Obſcures the ſhow of Reaſon. 'In Religion
What damn'd Error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a Text.
There is no Vice ſo artleſs, but aſſumes
Some Mark of Vertue on its outward Parts,
Hiding the Groſsneſs with fair Ornament:
How many Cowards with Livers white as Milk,
Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,

Look

Look even on Beauty: what are thoſe crisped Locks
That make ſuch wanton Gambols with the Wind?
What, but the Dowry of a ſecond Head:
The Skull that bred 'em in the Sepulcher.
'Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf
'Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gawdy Gold,
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee;
Nor, none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge;
'Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou Meager Lead,
'Which rather threaten'ſt, than do'ſt promiſe ought,
'Thy ſullenneſs moves more than Eloquence,
And here I fix: Joy be the Conſequence.

Grat. 'Undone, undone: I'll not ſtand to't, *Neriſſa*. I'll
'Chuſe for my ſelf;

Port. aſide. How all the other Paſſions fleet to Air,
As doubtful Thoughts, and raſh, embrac'd Deſpair,
Tormenting fears, and Green-ey'd Jealouſey.
O! Love! be moderate, allay this Extacy,
In meaſure pour thy Joy, ſtint this exceſs;
I feel too much thy Bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit.

Baſſ. What find I here? [*Opening the Caſket.*
The Portraiture of *Portia*.
What Demi-God has come ſo near Creation, move theſe Eyes!
Or whether riding on the Balls of mine,
Seem they in Motion? Here are ſever'd Lips,
Parted with ſweeteſt Breath: 'The very odour
'Seems there expreſs'd, and thus invites the Taſte! [*Kiſſing the Picture.*
And here agen, here in her lovely Hair,
The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven
A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men:
'But then her Eyes.
'How could he gaze undazled upon them,
'And ſee to imitate: Let me peruſe the Motto.
'*Reads.*] Who chuſes me; let him whoſe Fate it is,
'Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiſs.
A gentle Schrole: fair Lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending for a Prize,
Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark
(Hearing Applauſe, and univerſal Shout)
Whether thoſe Peals of Praiſe are meant to him;
So ſtands *Baſſanio*, full of Hopes and Fears,
'Still anxious what to truſt, and what believe,

Till you confirm his Hopes.

Port. " Had Choice decided, and not only Chance,
'As Fortune has dispos'd me, ſo had I.
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
Of this fair Manſion, Miſtreſs of theſe Servants,
Queen o'er my ſelf, even now, and in a Moment
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and my ſelf their Queen,
Are yours, my Lord. I plight 'em with this Ring,
Which when you part 'em, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the Ruin of your Love,
'And ſtand, as a Record, that you were falſe,
'A follower of my Fortunes not of me,
'And never meant me fair.

Baſſ. 'Dye firſt, *Baſſanio*, my Miſtreſs, and my Queen
'As abſolute as ever ſhall you reign,
'Not as the Lord, but Vaſſal of your Charms,
'Not as a Conqueror, but Acquiſition.
'Not one to leſſen, but enlarge your Power.
'No more but this, the Creature of your Pleaſure,
'As ſuch receive the paſſionate *Baſſanio*.
Oh there is that Confuſion in my Powers,
As Words cannot expreſs: But when the Ring
Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence,
Then ſay, and be aſſur'd, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Gratiano *and* Neriſſa *ſeem in earneſt diſpute.*

Grat. 'I ſay, a Bargains a Bargain, and I will have Juſtice.

Neriſſ. 'I ſay, we drew Stakes.

Grat. 'That was only in Caſe I had loſt, Child.

Port. A Diſpute between our Freinds! what's the matter, Cozen?

Grat. I'll tell you, Madam, the matter in ſhort, and you ſhall be Judge;
'I happen'd to ſay to this Lady, that it was her Deſtiny to
'Have me; ſhe conſented to put it to Tryal, and agreed
'To be determin'd by the Choice, my Friend ſhould make
'If he had you——I ſhould have her, and here
'Stand I to claim her Promiſe.

Port. Is this true, *Neriſſa*?

Neriſſ. 'Ay! but he recanted, and ſaid afterwards, he
'Would chuſe for himſelf.

Grat. 'Why ſure ſo I can, now I know the right Casket.
'What ſort of a Tramontane, do you take me to
'Be? you are gone that way too, as I take it.

Neriſſ. 'Then Madam, all my Hope is, that you won't let

'Me keep my Word.

Grat. 'Tis falſe, to my certain Knowledge ſhe hopes
Otherwiſe—*Neriſſa*! we'll play with 'em the firſt
Boy for 1000 Duccats.

Neriſſ. 'Methinks, this looks like the laſt Act of a Play.
'All Parties are agreed; there remains nothing but
'To draw the Curtain, and put out the Lights.

Grat. 'A good hint, my Love: Let you and I make our *Exit*
'About that ſame laſt Act, as you call it.

Baſſ. 'I rejoice, *Gratiano*, that my good Fortune
'Thus included yours.
'Oh that *Antonio* knew of our Succeſs,
'It would ore-joy him. Prithee *Gratiano*,
'Send a ſpecial Meſſenger to *Veniee*,
'To inform him of our Fortunes——
'*Shylock* ſhall now be paid, my Friend is ſafe,
'And Happineſs, on every ſide ſurrounds us.

[Gratiano *going out, meets* Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a Servant from* Antonio *entring.*

Grat. Lorenzo, and his pretty Infidel,
Salerio too, *Antonio*'s Servant: If I miſtake him not,
'Look here, *Baſſanio*; here is News from *Veniee*.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, Welcome! *Salerio* too! what News
'From my *Antonio*? Oh, 'tis the beſt of Freinds!
Y'are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,
Tho' my Intereſt here be yet but young, I
Take upon me to bid my Friends moſt welcome.

Port. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Loren. We thank you, Madam: for my part, my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He needs would have me come.

Saler. I did my Lord deſire it, and had a reaſon for it:
Seignior *Antonio* commends him to you.

Baſſ. 'How does my Friend?

Saler. 'This Letter will inform you.——

[Baſſ. *reads to himſelf and ſeems concern'd.*

Grat. Neriſſa, bid this pretty Stranger welcome;
Your Hand, *Lorenzo*; and yours, *Salerio*.
Whats the News from *Veniee*? We are the *Jaſons*
Who have won the Fleece: *Antonio* will rejoice
At our Succeſs.

Sal. Would you had won the Fleece which he had loſt.

Port. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in that ſame Paper,

Which

Which steal the Colour from *Bassanio*'s Cheek;
'Some great Misfortune sure: No common Cause
'Could thus disturb him at this time. Still worse and worse.
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,
And freely must have half of any thing
That this same Letter brings you.

Bass. O my *Portia!* here are a few of the most fatal words
That ever blotted Paper——
When I did first impart my Love, I told you
That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.
When I said Nothing, I should then have said
That I was worse than nothing: For indeed,
I have engag'd my self to my best Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his worst Enemy,
To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, *Salerio*?
Have all his Ventures fail'd? What! not one hit!
From *Tripoli*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessel scape!

Sal. Not one, my Lord.

Port. Is it your Friend who is thus troubled?

Bass. The dearest Friend to me! the kindest Man!
The best condition'd, most unwearied Spirit
In doing Good; and one in whom
The ancient Roman Honour more appears
'For liberal Love and bounteous Courtesie,
'Than any that has breath'd in *Italy*
'Since *Antony* and *Brutus*.

Port. What is the Sum?

Bass. For me 3000 Duccats,
'Rais'd to transport me hither.

Port. What! no more!
'And rais'd on my Account. 'Tis then my Debt,
Pay him 6000. double 6000.
And then treble that, before a Friend should suffer,
Or lose a Hair thro' my *Bassanio*'s Fault:
You shall away to *Venice* to your Friend;
For never shall you lie by *Portia*'s side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold
To pay the petty Debt 20 times over.
Nerissa and my self mean while will live
As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,
'For I will have it thus.

'*Bass.* O Love! O Friendship!

'Was ever Man thus tortur'd!
'*Grat.* What, not one quarter of an hour to pack up
'My Baggage?
'*Ner.* Whereabouts is the laſt Act now *Gratiano*?
'*Grat.* Faith, Child, I have the part ready,
'If I might have leave to play it.
'*Port.* Away ye Triflers.
'Nay then *Baſſanio* I muſt thruſt you from me:
'Tis hard for both to be divided thus
'Upon our Wedding-Day. But Honour calls,
'And Love muſt wait. Honour, that ſtill delights
'To tyrannize or'e Love. Farewell, my Lord,
'Be chearful in this Trial: as you prove,
'Your Faith in Friendſhip, I ſhall truſt your Love.
[*She conducts him to the Door.* *Exit* Baſ. Grat.

Loren. Madam, if you knew to whom you ſhow this Honor,
How true a Lover of your Lord!

Port. I never did repent of doing good;
Nor ſhall I now: But we have much to do
In other things: Therefore to you, *Lorenzo*,
And to this Lady, whoſe Pardon I ſhould crave,
For having ſtood ſo much unnoted by me,
I will commit, as to my Lords beſt Friends,
The Husbandry and Conduct of my Houſe
Until my Lord's Return: For my own part
I have to Heav'n breath'd a ſecret Vow,
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her Husband and my Lord come back.
There is a Monaſtery two Miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this Impoſition, which
My Love and ſome Neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Loren. Madam, with all our Hearts;
We will obſerve your Pleaſure.

Port. Come on, *Neriſſa*; I have Work in hand
That thou yet knoweſt not of. *Balthazar*,
Thou art honeſt; ſo let me find thee ſtill.
Follow me in: I have ſome ſhort Directions
For you all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to a Priſon in* Venice.

Enter Shylock *and* Jailer *with* Antonio *in Shackles.*

Shyl. Jailor, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy;
This is the Fool, who lent out Money *gratis:*
Jailor, I ſay, look to him.

Anto. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*

Shyl. I'll have my Bond: I have ſworn an Oath, that
I will have my Bond: Thou call'ſt me Dog,
Before thou hadſt a Cauſe: but ſince I am a
Dog, beware my Phangs.

Anto. I prithee hear me ſpeak.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll not be made a ſoft relenting Fool,
To ſhake the Head, and ſigh, and yield, and melt
To Chriſtian Interceſſors: I'll have no ſpeaking,
I will have my Bond.

Anto. Thou wilt not take my Fleſh; what's that good for?

Shyl. To bait Fiſh withal; if it will feed nothing elſe, it
Will feed my Revenge: Thou haſt diſgrac'd me,
Hindered me half a Million; laught at my Loſſes;
Repin'd at my Gains, ſcorn'd my Nation;
Thwarted my Bargains; cool'd my Friends;
Enflam'd my Enemies; and what's the Reaſon?
I am a Jew——Has not a Jew Eyes? Has not
A Jew Hands? Organs, Dimenſions, Senſes, Affections;
Paſſions? Fed with the ſame Food, hurt with
The ſame Weapons, ſubject to the ſame Diſeaſes,
Heal'd by the ſame Means, warm'd and cool'd,
By the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian?
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you
Tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us,
Do we not dye? And if you wrong us, ſhall
We not Revenge? If we are like you in the reſt,
We will reſemble you in that: For if a Jew
Wrong a Chriſtian, what is his Humility,
Revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what
Should his ſufferance be by a Chriſtian Example?
Why, Revenge. The Charity you practiſe, I will
Imitate: And it ſhall go hard, but I will improve
By the Inſtruction.

Anto. Thou art the moſt impenetrable Curr

That

That ever kept with Men.

Shyl. My Daughter too! None knew ſo well as you of my Daughter's Flight. Why there, there, there is a Diamond gone, coſt me 2000 Ducats in *Frankfort*. A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of *Leah*, When I was a Batchelour; beſides Gold, and many other Precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead At my Foot, ſo the Jewels were in her Ears Would ſhe were Hears'd, ſo the Ducats were in the Coffin. No News, and I know not how much Spent in the Search: Loſs upon Loſs. The Theif gone With ſo much, and ſo much to find the Theif; And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art Caught, and thou ſhalt pay the whole Theifs Bill. Thou who waſt wont to lend out Money for a Chriſtian Curteſy: Thou Chriſtian Fool, pay thy Debts: Jaylor, I ſay, look to him.

[*Thruſts him after the Jaylor and Exeunt.*

ACT IV. Scene I.

A Court of Juſtice. The Duke and Nobles ſeated, Officers of the Court attending Antonio *as a Priſoner*, Baſſanio *and* Gratiano.

Duke. WHat is *Antonio* here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer A Stony Adverſary; an Inhumane Wretch Incapable of Pity. Go one and call the Jew Into the Court.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our Face. *Shylock*, the World does think, and ſo do I, That thou but lead'ſt this Faſhion of thy Malice To the laſt Hour of Act, and then 'tis hop'd Thou'lt ſhow thy Mercy, and Remorſe, as ſtrange As is thy ſtrange apparent Cruelty, Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Loſſes,

That

That have of late ſo hudled on his Back,
Enow to preſs a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Comiſeration of his State
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To Offices of tender Curteſy.
We all expect a gentle Anſwer, Jew.
Shyl. I have poſſeſt your Grace, of what I purpoſe,
And by our Holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond:
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter and the City's Freedom:
You'l ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of Carrion-Fleſh, than to receive
3000 Ducats. I reply to that,
It is my Humour: Is that queſtion anſwer'd,
What if my Houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I am pleas'd to give 10000 Duccats
To have it ban'd; What, are you anſwer'd yet?
My Humour is my Reaſon. Are you anſwer'd?
Baſſ. This is no Anſwer; thou hard-hearted Man.
Anto. I pray you think you queſtion with a Jew;
You may as well expoſtulate with Wolves;
You may as well go ſtand upon the Beach,
And bid the Waves be ſtill, and Winds be huſht;
You may as well forbid the Mountain-pines
To wag their Tops, and dance about their Leaves,
When the rude Guſts of Heav'n are whiſtling round.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, than which what harder?
His Jewiſh Heart: Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more Offers, uſe no farther Means,
But with all Brief, and plain Conveniency,
Let me have Judgment, and the Jew his Will.
Baſſ. For thy 3000 Ducats here are Six.
Shyl. If every Ducat in 6000 Ducats,
Were in ſix Parts, and every Part a Ducat,
I would not draw 'em: I will have my Bond.
Duke. How mayſt thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring none?
Shyl. What Judgments ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Whom, like your Aſſes, and your Doggs, and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought 'em: Shall I ſay to you
Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs.

Why ſweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
Be made as ſoft as yours; and let their Pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Dainties. You will anſwer,
The Slaves are ours; ſo do I anſwer you:
The Penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, ſhame upon your Laws,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*;
I ſtand for Judgment. Anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. The Court will firſt adviſe. Here is a Letter
From fam'd *Bellario*, which does much commend
A young and learned Doctor in our Court,
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the Council.

Baſſa. Fear not, *Antonio*: This greedy Dogg
Shall have my Fleſh, Blood, Sinews, Bones, and all,
E'er thou ſhalt loſe one drop of Blood for me.
To Shylock.] Why doſt thou whet thy Knife ſo earneſtly?

Shyl. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

Baſs. Can no Pray'rs peirce thee?

Shyl. None that thou has Wit enough to make.

Baſſ. Oh be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew,
And that thou liv'ſt, let Juſtice be accus'd,
And Heaven accus'd that ſuch a Wretch was born.
Thou almoſt make me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythygoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the Trunks of Men: Thy Curriſh Spirit
Govern'd a Woolf, who hang'd for Humane Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows, did his fell-ſoul fleet,
And whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in Thee.

Shyl. Till thou canſt rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offends thy Lungs to ſpeak ſo loud;
'Thy Curſes fall on thy own Head, for thus
'Enſnaring thy beſt Freind, thou didſt it, and not I.
'I ſtand for Law: Thy Prodigality brought him
To this.

Baſſ. 'Inhumane Dog!

Offic. Room for the Council there.

Enter

Enter Portia *disguis'd like a Lawyer*, Nerissa *like her Clerk with Bagg and Papers.*

Duke. Take your Place.
re you acquainted with the Difference
hich holds the present Question in the Court?
Port. I am instructed fully in the Case.
hich is *Antonio*, and which the Jew?
Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock* both stand forth.
Port. Is your Name *Shylock*?
Shyl. *Shylock* is my Name?
Port. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow.
the Bond prov'd? Or does he confess it?
Anto. I do confess it.
Port. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shyl. On what Compulsion? Must I? Tell me that.
Port. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
on the Place beneath: It is twice blest,
lesses him that gives, and him that takes:
mightiest, in the mightiest: It becomes
e Crown'd Monarch, better than his Crown;
it is the first of Sacred Attributes,
d Earthly Power does then seem most Divine,
hen Mercy seasons Justice. I have spoke thus much
o mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
If thou followest this strict Course of Law,
en must *Antonio* stand condemn'd.
Shyl. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
he Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.
Port. Is he not able to discharge the Bond?
Bass. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court;
ice, thrice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
will be bound to pay it ten times over,
Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
this will not prevail, it must appear
t Malice bears down Truth.
Port. There is no Power in *Venice*
alter a Decree establish'd;
will be recorded for a Precedent;
d many an Error by the same Example
y rush into the State. It cannot be.
Shyl. A *Daniel*, a *Daniel*: So ripe in Wisdom!

And so young in Years! A second *Solomon.*

Port. I pray you let me see the Bond.

Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor. Here it is.

Port. Shylock, there's thrice the Money offer'd thee.

Shyl. An Oath, an Oath; I have an Oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul;
No, not for *Venice.*

Port. Be merciful, take thrice thy Money;
Bid me tear the Bond.

Shyl. It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;
You know the Law; your Expofition
Has been most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I swear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I do insist upon my Bond;
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

Anto. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To pass the Sentence.

Port. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your Bosom for the Knife;
For the intent and purpose of the Law
Has full relation to the Penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright Judge!

Port. 'Prepare, *Antonio:* Officers, be ready
To lay bare his Bosom.

Shyl. Ay, his Breast; so says the Bond:
Does it not, noble Doctor: nearest his Heart;
Those are his Words.

Port. Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, at your Charge,
To stop his Wound, lest he should bleed to Death.

Shyl. It is not nominated in the Bond.

Port. Not so express'd in Words: But what of that?
'Twere good to allow so much for Charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.

Port. Then do your Office.

Duke. 'Hold awhile *Antonio:*
Have you any thing to say to hinder Sentence?

Anto. But little, I am arm'd and well prepar'd:
Give me your Hand, *Bassanio:* Fare you well:
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein, Fortune shows her self more kind
Then is her Custom: It is still her use

To

To let the wretched Man outlive his Wealth,
To view with Hollow Eye, and wrinckled Brow
An Age of Poverty, from which lingring Penance
She kindly cuts me off. Once more farewell:
'Grieve not my Friend, that you thus loſe a Friend,
'For I repent not thus to pay your debt
'Even with my Blood and Life: 'Now, do your Office,
'Cut deep enough be ſure, and whet thy Knife
'With keeneſt Malice; for I would have my Heart
'Seen by my Friend.

Shyl. Doubt it not, Chriſtian; thus far I will be Courteous.

Duke. Antonio, is this all thou haſt to ſay?

Anto. 'Tis all.

Baſſ. 'Stand off. I have a word in his behalf,
'Since even more than in his Avarice,
'In Cruelty, this Jew's inſatiable;
'Here ſtand I for my Freind. Body for Body,
'To endure the Torture: But one pound of Fleſh
'Is due from him: Take every peice of mine,
'And tear it off with Pincers: whatever way
'Invention can contrive to torture Man,
'Practice on me: Let but my Friend go ſafe,
'Thy Cruelty is limited on him;
'Unbounded let it looſe on me: Say, Jew,
'Here's Intereſt upon Intereſt in Fleſh;
'Will that content you?

Ant. 'It may him, not me.

Baſſ. 'Cruel *Antonio.*

Ant. 'Unjuſt *Baſſanio.* [*Few laughs.*

Baſſ. 'Why Grins the Dog?

Shyl. 'To hear a Fool propoſe: Thou ſhallow Chriſtian!
'To think that I'd conſent: I know thee well.
'When he has paid the Forfeit of his Bond,
'Thou canſt not chuſe but hang thy ſelf for being
'The Cauſe: And ſo my ends are ſerv'd on both.
'Proceed to Execution

Baſſ. Then thus I interpoſe.

[*Draws and ſtands before* Antonio: *The Jew ſtarts back.* Antonio *interpoſes.*

Ant. "Forbear *Baſſanio*, this is certain Death
To both.

Baſſ. 'In one, both dye: ſince it muſt be,

'No matter how.

'*Duke*. Before our Face this Inſolence! And in a Court
'Of Juſtice. Diſarm and ſeize him.

'*Port*. Spare him, my Lord, I have a way to tame him.
'Hear me one word.

'*Shyl*. Hear, hear the Doctor! Now for a Sentence
'To ſweep theſe Chriſtian Vermin, coupled
'To the Shambles. O tis a *Solomon* he.

Port. Heark you, *Shylock*, I have view'd this Bond,
And find it gives thee not one drop of Blood.
The Words expreſſly are, *A Pound of Fleſh*.
No more. Take thou that Fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are, by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me,
Confiſcate to the State. [Shylock *ſtarts ſurpriz'd*.

Shyl. Humph.

Baſſ. O, upright Judge! Mark, Jew. O learned Judge!
'Forgive, moſt potent Duke, and Reverend Seigniors,
'That thus enforc'd by my Deſpair ——

'*Duke*. We do forgive thee, and admire thy Virtue
'More than we blame thy Paſſion. But proceed.

Port. *Shylock*, thy ſelf ſhall ſee the Act,
And Letter of the Law: For as thou urgeſt Juſtice,
Be ſure thou ſhalt have Juſtice.

Shyl. I take this Offer then; pay the Bond, thrice
And let the Chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the Money.

Port. Soft! The Jew ſhall have all Juſtice: Soft, no haſte!
He ſhall have nothing but the Penalty.

'*Grat*. A *Daniel*! A *Daniel*! Now Infidel,
We have thee on the Hip.

Port. Why does the Jew pauſe? Take thy Forfeiture.

Shyl. Give me my Principal, and let me go.

Port. He has refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerly Juſtice and his Bond.

Shyl. Shall I not have barely my Principal?

Port. Thou ſhalt have barely thy Forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy Peril, Jew.

Shyl. Why then the Devil give you good of it;
I'll ſtay no longer Queſtion ——

Port. Tarry Jew.
The Law has yet another hold of you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an Alien,
That by direct or indirect Attempt,
He ſeek the Life of any Citizen,
The party againſt whom he ſhall contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his Goods: The other half
Comes to the privy Coffers of the State,
And the Offenders Life lies in the Mercy
Of the Duke only, againſt all other Voice;
In which Predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt;
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou had'ſt contriv'd againſt the very Life
Of the Defendant; and therefore haſt incurr'd
Theſe ſeveral Penalties of Life and Goods.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our Spirits,
I pardon thee thy Life, before thou ask it;
But half thy Wealth ſhall be *Antonio*'s,
The other half the States.

Shyl. Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:
You take my Houſe, when you do take the Prop
That does ſuſtain my Houſe: You take my Life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Duke. What Mercy can you render him, *Antonio?*

Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke
To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods.
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it upon
His Death to young *Lorenzo*,
Who lately has eſpous'd his Daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The Pardon of his Life.

Port. Art thou contented, Jew? What doſt thou ſay?

Shyl. Pray give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: ſend after me your Deeds,
And I will ſign 'em.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it. [*Ex. Shyloc.*

Port. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[*The Duke and Court riſe.*

Duke. 'Antonio, I rejoyce at this Concluſion;
'And I congratulate with you *Baſſanio*,
'Your Friends eſcape: You will do well
To gratify that learned Councellor,
For in my Mind you both are in his debt.

[*Exit Duke with his Train, the Court breaking up.*

Baſſ. 'Let me embrace the Man, by whom my Friend
'Has Life: For in that Life I live——
3000 Ducats due on *Shylock*'s Bond
I freely offer to requite your Pain.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.
Port. He is well paid, who is well ſatisfy'd,
My Mind was never yet more Mercinary:
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen:
I wiſh you well, and take my leave.
Baſſ. 'Not as a Fee, but as a ſmall Remembrance;
'A Token of our Loves and Gratitude.
Port. Give me your Gloves: I'll wear 'em for your Sake,
Or elſe that Ring——
Baſſ. This Ring! alas it is a Trifle;
'Not fit for me to give, or you to take.
Port. I ſee Sir, you are liberal in Offers:
You taught me firſt to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a Beggar ſhou'd be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. There's more depends on this than on the Value;
The deareſt Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out, by Proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.
Port. 'Such ſlight Excuſes well I underſtand.
Well—— Peace be with you both. [*Exit* Port. *and* Neriſſa.
Ant. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the Ring;
Let his Deſervings, and my Love withall,
'Be valu'd againſt every other Scruple.
Baſſ. Prithee *Gratiano*, run and overtake him:
Give him the Ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
To my *Antonio*'s Houſe——away, make haſte.
[*Exit* Gratiano.
'Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcom to Life,
'And welcome to my Arms, thou beſt of Men:
'Thus of my Love and of my Friend poſſeſs'd,
'With ſuch a double Shield upon my Breaſt,
'Fate cannot peirce me now, ſecurely Bleſt.
[*As they go off, Re-enter* Portia *and* Neriſſa, Gratiano *following.*

Grat. Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken;
My Lord *Baſſanio*, upon more Advice,
Has ſent you here the Ring; and does entreat
Your Company at Dinner.

Port.

Port. For that he muſt excuſe me: His Ring
I do accept with Thanks; and ſo, pray tell him:
And further more oblige my Clerk to ſhow him
Shylock's Houſe——Theſe Writings he muſt Sign.
Grat. That I will do: 'Tis a pert pretty youth,
I had much talk with him, during the Tryal.
Neriſſa aſide.] Now will I ſee if I can get a Ring
I gave him too at parting, which he ſwore
As much never to part from.
Port. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old
Swearing, that they gave theſe Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-ſwear 'em too.
[*Aloud.*] Make haſt, I pray: Thou know'ſt where I will
Tarry.
Grat. 'Come on, Sir: The firſt Cauſe I have to ſplit,
'You ſhall have all my Practice.
Neriſſ. 'That may be ſooner than you dream of,
'Sir, I follow you.
'So many Shapes have Women for Deceipt,
'That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Loren. THE Moon shines bright. In such a Night as this
Did pensive *Troilus* mount the *Trojan* Wall,
Sighing his Soul towards the *Grecian* Tents,
Where beauteous *Cressid* lay——
Jess. In such a Night——
Sad *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage*——
Loren. In such a Night *Medea* gather'd the inchanted
Herbs, that did renew old *Æson*.
Jess. In such a Night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear to *Jessica*
He lov'd her well, and stole away her Soul
With many a Vow, and ne're a true one.
Loren. In such a Night. } *Both together.*
Jess. In such a Night. }
I would out-Night you. But hark!
I hear a footing.

Enter Portia *and* Jessica.

Port. That Light we see is burning in my Hall.
Loren. 'Tis sure the Voice of *Portia*.
Port. He knows me as the Blind Man does the Cuckow,
By the bad Voice. *Lorenzo*, is it you?
Loren. Madam, you are most welcome.
Port. We have been praying for my Lords Success,
Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs:
Is he return'd?
Loren. Madam, not yet. But here are Letters from him,
Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,
And that he will be here to Night;
We were walk't out to wait his coming.
Port. Give Order to my Servants, that they take
No Note at all of our being absent hence;

And

let our Muſick play, and every thing
irect as we were here in formal Expectation
is return——
Night methinks is but the Day-light ſick;
ooks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and Followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
ou would walk in Abſence of the Sun?
y *Portia*, this was kind to meet me thus.
Port. 'O never more let any Cauſe of Grief
ivide my Lord and me.
[Gratiano *runs to* Neriſſa, *who diſcourſe apart.*
Baſſ. Nothing can: Here Madam is my Friend,
me preſent him to you: This si *Antonio*,
om, if you love *Baſſanio*, you muſt love.
Port. 'I ſhould behold him with a Jealous Eye,
ho has ſo large a Share in my Lord's Heart.
Ant.] 'Having his Leave, you'll not deny me yours,
o make a third in Friendſhip: I doubly joy
at you are ſafe and here.
Ant. I thank you, Madam.
Port. 'Play all our Inſtruments of Muſick there,
t nothing now be heard but ſounds of Joy,
d let thoſe glorious Orbs that we behold,
o in their Motions, all like Angels ſing,
ll Quiring to the blew-ey'd Cherubims,
in in the Chorus; that in Heav'n and Earth
e univerſal Tune may celebrate
This Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stilneſs, and the Night
come the Touches of ſweet Harmony.

Muſick.

Grat. By yonder Moon and Stars, I ſwear you wrong me,
Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyers Clerk.
Port. A quarrel! what, already? What's the matter?
Grat. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring ſhe gave me,
hoſe Poeſie was, for all the World, like Cutlers
etry upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Neriſſ. No matter for the Poeſie, or the Value.
en I gave it, you ſwore never to part with it:

If not for Love of me, yet for your Conſcience ſake,
For your Oath's ſake, ſuch vehement Oaths, you
Should have kept it. A Lawyer's Clerk! A fine
Invention! But well, I know the Clerk who had it
Will ne're have Hair upon his Face.
Grat. He will, if he but live to be Man.
Neriſſ. If! If a Woman live to be a Man!
Grat. Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a kind
Of Boy; a little ſcrubbed Boy, no higher
Than thy ſelf; the Judge's Clerk; a prating
Boy, that begg'd it for a Fee.
Port. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To make ſo ſlight of the firſt Gift of Love;
A thing ſtuck on with Oaths upon your Fingers,
'And rivited with ſolemn Proteſtations
'Of mutual Faith: A Pledge of Truth between you:
'Indeed you were to blame.
I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it: And here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the whole World contains.
Baſſ. aſide.] Now were I beſt to cut my Left-hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the Ring defending it.
Grat. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
To the young Smock-fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,
'And deſerv'd it too: And then the Boy his Clerk,
'A little importunate Urchin, who took ſome pains
In Writing, would needs beg mine; and neither
Man nor Maſter would take any thing but the 2 Rings.
Port. What Ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me?
Baſſ. If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,
I would deny it: But you ſee my Finger
Has not the Ring upon it; it is gone.
Port. And even as void is your falſe Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n! I'll never come within your Bed
Till I have ſeen this Ring.
Neriſſ. Nor I in yours, till I ſee mine.
Baſſ. If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,
'For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;
'How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
'When nothing elſe would be accepted——
Port. If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,
'If you had valu'd her, who gave this Ring,

your own Honour, bound by ſolemn Oath,
o keep this Ring, you wou'd have dy'd, *Baſſanio*,
re you had parted from it:
at Man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
you had pleas'd to have defended it
th any ſhew of Zeal, wanted the Modeſty
urge a thing, held as a Ceremony
cred to Truth, and to Connubial Love.
eriſſa teaches me what to be believe;
dy for't; but a Woman had this Ring.
Baſſa. No, by my Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
o Woman had it: but a generous Friend,
n he, who had held up the very Life
my beſt Friend. What ſhall I ſay, my *Portia?*
as beſet with Shame and Courteſie.
d you been there, you would your ſelf have begg'd
his Ring, to be diſpos'd as I diſpos'd it.
Port. Let not that Man, whoe're he is, come near me:
re he has got the Jewel that I priz'd,
all become as liberal as you,
d nothing can deny the Man that has it.
Ring it was of wondrous Myſtery,
nd ſanctify'd by Charms to rivet Love:
hoever has it, has the ſure Command
me, my Perſon, and of all that's mine:
he dire Enchantment was ſo ſtrongly wrought,
ne Mind directs us, and one Bed muſt hold us:
ow him I ſhall, I muſt, nay, I will know him;
feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*,
ou do not, if I be left alone,
w by my Honour, which is yet entire,
hat Man and I are one.
Neriſſ. 'Juſt ſuch a Ring was mine:
ethinks I love that Lawyers Clerk already,
ſt as I love my ſelf.
Baſſa. Forgive me this firſt Fault,
l truſt thy Honour above any Charms:
y Love is built upon Eſteem ſo ſtrong,
s cannot doubt your Virtue.
Grat. 'I am not quite ſo liberal of good Thoughts,
t this I'll ſay, if I can catch this Clerk,
is Pen ſhall ſplit for't.
Anto. I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel
my Perſwaſion——

Port. Sir, grieve not you;
You're welcome notwithſtanding.
[*Walks about as in a Paſſion.*

'*Baſſ.* But hear me, *Portia*;
'Pardon this Error; by my Soul, I ſwear,
'By what is dearer to me than my Soul,
'Your precious ſelf———
'*Ant.* I dare be bound for him;
'My life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
'Shall never more break Faith.
'*Port.* You have been of this Surety, and
'Have paid for't dearly.
'*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.
'*Port.* Then be his Surety ſtill: Here is a Ring,
'Of the ſame Virtue, 'and ſo qualify'd
'With equal Spells. This only can retrieve
'With Counter-Magick what the other loſt.
Antonio, give him this: But make him ſwear
To keep it better.
Ant. Here, Lord *Baſſanio*: Swear to keep this Ring.
Baſſ. By Heav'n! [*Starts.*
This is the ſame I gave the Lawyer.
Port. Why ſo it is; I had it from him: 'You ſee
'How quick an Operation is in Magick.
'We have met already.
'*Baſſ.* Met! how have you met!
'*Neriſſ.* Met——why by Art Magick, to lie together:
'Ask that ſame ſcrubbed Boy, the Lawyers Clerk.
Grat. 'Why this is worſe and worſe.
Baſſ. '*Antonio*! this was your doing. [*Angrily.*
Ant. 'Take your Revenge, and kill me.
Baſſ. 'I am anſwer'd——Is it then true?
'And can it be? That by the Secret Workings
'Of Myſtick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,
'Potions and Invocations horrible,
'Nature can be ſo led? What then is Virtue?
'And what Security has Love or Reaſon,
'Thus ſubjected to every Hell-born Hagg,
'Who, by ſuch Conjurations can diſ-join
'United Hearts? uniting the Averſe!
'How, wretched Man! how can'ſt thou boaſt free Will?
'If this in very deed be true. I'll not ſuppos't———
'But then that Ring! How could ſhe have it: 'tis Witch-craft!
'Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft: And I will fathom Hell,

'But I will find a Fiend ſhall Counter-work
'The Devil that has done this. [Portia *and* Neriſſa *laugh*

Port. } Ha, ha, ha.
Neriſſ. }

Grat. 'Is this true, *Neriſſa!* are we then two Scurvy
'Cuckcolds by Art Magick!

'*Port.* Ha, ha, ha. Well; ſince you grow ſo ſerious,
'I will be ſerious too: Read this *Baſſanio*,
'The Adventures writ at large: Look not ſo ſullen, Lord,
'But read it. *Lorenzo* here and *Jeſſica*
Can witneſs for me: I ſet out almoſt
Aſſoon as you. And am but even now return'd,
'I have not yet enter'd my Houſe: But
'For farther proof, Clerk, give *Lorenzo*
'The Writings ſign'd by *Shylock.*

Neriſſ. I'll give 'em without Fee: Here *Lorenzo*,
Here is a Deed of Gift to you and *Jeſſica*,
Of all the Jew, your Father, dies poſſeſs'd of.

'*Loren.* See *Jeſſica*, is this his Hand?

'*Jeſſ.* 'Tis his own ſigning.

'*Loren.* What prodigy is this?

'*Baſſ.* I am ſtruck dumb with wonder.

'*Grat.* Was *Portia* then the little Smerking Lawyer,
'And *Neriſſa* the Clerk: I'll never forgive ſuch a
'Trick. Art-Magick do you call it?

'*Neriſſ.* Nay, but *Gratiano.*

'*Grat.* Away, away. [*Diſpute aſide.*

Port. Antonio! Here are Letters too for you;
Ask me not yet, by what ſtrange Accident
They fell into my Hands——but read 'em.

'*Baſſ.* Amazement has bereft me of all Words.

Ant. Why here I read, for certain, that my ſcatter'd Ships,
Are ſafely all arriv'd at *Rhodes*,
With their whole Cargo.

Port. Doubt it not, *Antonio.* 'Tis moſt true.
'Virtue like yours; ſuch Patience in Adverſity,
'And in Proſperity ſuch Goodneſs,
'Is ſtill the Care of Providence.

'*Ant.* My Life and Fortunes have been all your Gift;
'Diſpoſe 'em, and command 'em, Madam,
'As you pleaſe. [Grat. *and* Neriſſ. *advance.*

'*Neriſſ.* What can you bear no Jeſts, but of your own
'Making?

'*Grat.* You have ſo ſcar'd me with your Art-Magick,

That

'That I ſhall ſcarce be a true Man theſe two Days;
'But therein ly my Revenge: And ſo ſhake
'Hands from this Day forwards.
'As the moſt precious of all Gems, I ſwear!
'*Neriſſa*'s Ring ſhall be *Gratiano*'s Care.
Port. 'All look amaz'd, in every Face I ſee
'A thouſand Queſtions: 'Tis time we ſhould go in,
'There will I anſwer all: Ceaſe your aſtoniſhment,
'My Lord, by theſe ſmall Services to you
'And to your Friends, I hope I may ſecure
'Your Love; which, built upon meer Fancy,
'Had elſe been ſubjected to Alteration.
'With Age and Uſe the Roſe grown Sick and Faint,
'Thus mixt with friendly Sweets, ſecures it's Scent.
Baſſ. 'The ſweets of Love ſhall here for ever blow;
'I needs muſt Love, remembring what I owe.
'Love, like a Meteor, ſhows a ſhort-liv'd Blaze,
'Or treads thro' various Skies, a wond'ring Maze;
'Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led,
'Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled:
'But fixt by Obligations, it will laſt;
'For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it faſt. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

EAch in his turn, the Poet and the Prieſt,
Have view'd the Stage, but like falſe Prophets gueſs'd:
The Man of Zeal in his Religious Rage
Would ſilence Poets, and reduce the Stage.
The Poet raſhly, to get clear, retorts
On Kings the Scandal, and beſpatters Courts.
Both err; for without mincing, to be plain,
The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.
The preſent time ſtill gives the Stage its Mode,
The Vices which you practice, we explode:
We hold the Glaſs, and but reflect your Shame,
Like Spartans, *by expoſing, to reclaim.*
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to Dine,
And to your Genius muſt conform his Line;
Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to ſubmit;
Would you encourage Senſe, Senſe would be writ.
Plain Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Without the Varniſh and the Dawb of Show.
At vaſt Expence we labour to our Ruine,
And court your Favour with our own undoing.
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten, is the Devil.
How was the Scene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Tymon, *without Muſick, moraliz'd?*
Shakeſpears *ſublime in vain entic'd the Throng,*
Without the Charm of Purcel's *Syren Song.*
In the ſame Antique Loom theſe Scenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good Morals and juſt Thought:
True Nature in her Nobleſt Light you ſee,
E're yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
To trifling Feſt, and fulſom Ribaldry.
What Ruſt remains upon the ſhining Maſs
Antiquity may privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpear's *Play, and if theſe Scenes miſcarry,*
Let Gormon *take the Stage—— or* Lady Mary.

FINIS.

BOOKS and PLAYS Sold by BER. LINTOTT, *at the* Post-House *in the* Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.

Way of the World.
Double Dealer.
Love for Love.
Old Batchelor.
Mourning Bride.
All Mistaken; or, Mad Couple.
Prophetess.
Ambitious Statesman.
Counterfeits.
Calisto.
Andromache.
Titus Andronicus.
Triumphant Widow.
Edward the Third.
Esq; Oldlap.
Sertorius.
Fool turn'd Critick.
Don Sebastian.
Love Triumphant.
Sir Martin Marrall.
Sir Solomon; or, Cautious Coxcomb.
Thyestes.
Squire of Alsatia.
Venice Preserv'd.
Lyers.
Mary Queen of Scots.
Rehearsal.
Tarugo's Wiles.
Mistakes; or, False Reports.
Drydens Dramatick Poesie.
Injur'd Lovers.
Win her and take her.
She wou'd if she cou'd.
False Count; or, Jealous Bridegroom.
Albion and Albianus, an Opera.
Married Beaus.
Marriage Alamode.
Atheist.
Commonwealth of Women.
Brutus of Alba.
Rival Ladies.
Scornful Lady.
Maids last Prayer.
Fatal Marriage; or, Innocent Adultery.
Henry the Second.
Boadicea Queen of Britain.
Husband his own Cuckold.
Indian Emperor; or, Conquest of Mexico.
Love in a Tub.
Oedipus.
Amphytrion.
Valentinian.
King Arthur.
Duke of Guise.
Fairy Queen.
Henry the Sixth.
Spanish Fryar.
Lucius Junius Brutus.
Timon of Athens.
Love in a Wood.
Rollo Duke of Normandy.
Love for Money.
Troilus and Cressida.
Libertines.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Womens Conquest.
Cheats.
Epsom Wells.
Nights Intriegue.
Marriage-hater match'd.
Tempest.
Mulberry Garden.
Black Prince.
Amboyna.
Rover, in 2 Parts.
Villains.
Mackbeth.
Rinaldo and Armida.
Friendship improv'd; or Female Warrier.
Cleomenes.
Conquest of Granada.
Aurenzebe.
Secret Love; or, Maiden Queen.
Don Sebastian King of Portugal.
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.
Wild Gallant.
Constantine.
Humours of the Age.
Double Distress.
Czar of Muscovy.
Ladies Visiting Day.
Love makes a Man; or, Fops Fortune.
Step-mother.

The *Art of Governing* by Partys; particularly in *Religion*, in *Politics*, in *Parliament*, on the *Bench*, and in the *Ministry*; with the ill Effects of *Partys* on the *People* in general, the *King* in particular, and all our *Forein Affairs*; as well on our *Credit* and *Trade* in *Peace* or *War*. By Mr. *Toland*.

All the Works of *John Dryden* Esq; *viz.* All his Comedies, Tragedies, and Opera's, in two Volumes. Price 1 *l.* 10 *s.* His Translation of *Virgil*, with Cuts. Price 1 *l.* 10 *s.* His Fables, with all his other Poetical Works. Price 1 *l.* The great Historical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary. By *Collier*. Price 3 *l.* All the Works of the late Ingenious *Sir William Temple*, in 6 Vol. Price 1 *l.* 5 *s.* *Plutarch's* Lives 5 Vol. Price 1 *l.* 5 *s.* *Herman Moll's* System of Geography. Price 1 *l.* Orphan Legacy, last Edit. Price 8 *s.* Compleat Conveyancer. Price 5 *s.* Cases in Chancery 2 parts. Price 1 *l.* *Dalton's* Justice. Price 14 *s.* *Keeble's* Statutes, last Edit. Price 3 *l.* And all other valuable Books and Plays.